

Pointless, the Misfit Star
by Mariah Julio

And lo, the star, which they had seen in the east, went on before them, until it came and stood over where the Child was. Matthew 2:9

Malkiel, a lumpy star, hid behind clouds with his best friend, Sametah.

Playmates in the park laughed and shouted when he peeped out. "Grown any points, Malkiel?"

"I'm ashamed of my shape, Sametah. I can't find a permanent home without points."

"Stay strong, Malkiel," she said.

"I rub the knobs where my points should grow. I even chant. Points. Points. POINTS! I don't change."

"Our friends find places in constellations every day, Malkiel. Don't give up."

"Maybe the star group, Little Bear, wants me."

"Ask him," said Sametah.

Malkiel zipped along Milky Way.

Little Bear licked honey from a spoon.

"I use perfect stars," Little Bear said. "The North Star is in my tail. Sailors use it to sail the seas."

Malkiel wilted.

"Eat some honey while I think," said Little Bear. "Ask Big Dipper. He might have a spot."

"Thanks, Little Bear. No time for honey." Malkiel zoomed off to find Big Dipper. He stopped to dust off. He wanted to look his best.

"No! Come back in a billion years when you fill out," yelled Big Dipper.

Malkiel shrank under Big Dipper's frown.

Sorry he snapped at Malkiel, Big Dipper said kindly. "Leo the Lion may need another star."

"I'm afraid of Leo. He r-roared at me yesterday."

Sad and lonely, Malkiel looked for Sametah.

"We shine near the Dragon's tail tonight," Sametah called.

Malkiel admired the points of other stars.

"I'm ugly, Sametah."

Sametah hugged her friend. "Don't fret. You're round because you're filled with kindness and love."

Before daylight, Malkiel spun home.

"Why am I different, Mama?" he whispered, tears on his cheeks. "Mean stars call me Pointless."

"Nonsense." Mama said. "Sky has a wonderful place for you."

Mama kissed him. Then he fell asleep.

"Wake up," said a musical voice near Malkiel's biggest knob.

Malkiel trembled. A huge figure with sparkling wings stood beside his bed.

"W-who're you?"

"I am Angel Sariel," said the voice. "Follow me."

Malkiel heard a trumpet blast. Other angels joined their flight.

“Our trip is long,” warned Sariel. “Keep up.”

“Wh-Where're we g-going.”

“Look down,” Sariel instructed.

Far below, three men sat on blankets.

Sariel explained. “Those lost travelers need a guide to find the King of Kings.”

“Why am I here, Sariel?”

“You are not pointless, little star. Tonight, you become the Star of Bethlehem.”

“Are you *sure* you have the right star?”

“No mistake.” Sariel lifted him above a barnyard. Animals and shepherds roamed near a rickety stable.

“What if I mess up?”

“Confidence, Malkiel!” called Sariel. “Light the path to our Savior.”

While angels sang *Joy to the World*, Malkiel's knobs tingled and stretched into splendid points.

The Wise Men pointed to the radiant star. They rode their camels toward the Infant in a manger.

That night, angels, shepherds and kings knelt to honor the Child. Above the Holy Family, Malkiel shone and SHONE! He found his special home.